TIPPECANOE

By SAMUEL McCOY

Recounting the adventures and love which came into the lives of David Larrence and Antoinette O'Bannon, in the days when pioneers were fighting red savages in the Indiana wilderness

WHEN SPIES MEET

Do you believe the spy is as honorable in war as the soldier in the trenches? If you caught a spy plotting against the welfare of our nation, and he pleaded with you to spare his life, at least, would you do it?

Time: The year 1811. David Larrence, young English weaver, comes to Corydon, Indiana territory, intending to kill an old enemy. He meets Patrice O'Bannon and his charming daughter, 'Toinette, and becomes clerk in Colonel Posey's store. In. Job Cranmer and his daughter Lydia, recently come from Britain, David finds congenial acquaintances, but he and Doctor Elliott dislike one another. Elliott wants to marry 'Toinette and tries to poison her against David. Cranmer mystifies David, who overhears spies planning to meet at night in the courthouse. He hides there. What he hears and the strange adventure which befalls him is told in this installment.

CHAPTER IV—Continued.

—3—

With the closing of the doors behind him, in the dim light he distinguished at the other end of the room the high platform and desk where the judges were to sit, when the court had been transferred from old Vincennes. Behind the high-backed desk he would be absolutely concealed from view. He made himself comfortable behind it and settled down to what promised to be a wait of several hours. Above him a square of azure showed through the unfinished roof. The afternoon was warm. David was more tired than he had realized. He grew drowsy, nodded . . . slept. . . .

When he awoke, without raising his head, his ears caught the murmur of voices that had seemed to run through his dreams. All the light had faded from the room, a star shone through the unfinished roof high above him. The voices ran on at his ear. He could hear them more plainly now.

"Money? Why, I tell you, man, there's barrels of it waiting at Malden." The voice was impatient, a guttural harshness checked with an effort to a whisper; sometimes it rose as though its owner could with difficulty constrain himself to caution.

"Barrels of it, I tell you. Heaps o' good dollars like maize in the Indian villages."

"But do you think he is with us?" David could scarcely repress a start at the second voice.

The first speaker grunted contemptuously. "And with blood on his head? You're as sure of him as you are of me."

The voice that answered was one of hearty friendliness.

"There, there, Captain Girty, no offense. But you'll admit that I was sent over to treat with you and you only. And now you propose the name of this man. You must admit, Captain Girty, that there's a bare chance he would prefer a Yankee to an English commission."

The man addressed as Girty swore irritably.

"American? He hain't no more American than I be. You promise him a nice berth with the king's commission and protection and he'll take it."

"And if he refuses?"

"No one's the wiser. I'll cut his throat easy enough."

David thought the husky giggle which accompanied the words would have graced Satan.

"Well, we'll meet him tonight, then. Where do you say he's to be found?"

"We'll meet at the forge at the corner of Oak lane and Walnut—Israel Butt's smithy. He slips in and out when he pleases."

"We'll meet there at midnight?"

"Thereabouts. Give me time to git some o' this liquor. We don't git good wine every day in the wilderness." And the backwoodsman chuckled again wheezily.

David heard the faint shuffle of the British agent's steps as the two moved away. The second man must be barefoot, he thought. Then came the just-audible sound of the closing doors and he was alone. He rose and hastened through the growing darkness like a tattered ghost. He had still another rendezvous with traitors to keep that night.

With a grunt a portly passer-by felt his impact as he turned the corner; it was Cranmer himself, lingering on the way to his inn.

"Why, it's David!" he exclaimed with bluff friendliness. "How are you, young man?" He crushed David's cold fingers in a mighty grasp. "My boy," he went on sturdily, "I've seen nothing in this town all day long but drunken backwoodsmen. I don't think they're folk you can depend on. I stick to old John Wesley, rest his honest soul! I'm a Methodist, I am, even in a town where there's none to preach. I'm hurrying back to my daughter, and then we'll have family prayers together. Won't you join us?"

He beamed on David with the expression of one ready to suffer the Inquisition. But David stared at him in silence with a strange look and then abruptly turned away. What a fool he had been to trust these Cranmers for a moment! He caught himself—Lydia, for aught he really knew, was innocent of her father's intrigues.

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On the corner of the lanes called Oak and Walnut the blacksmith shop of Israel Butt, a low barrack of logs, showed no gleam of light from the interior to the chance passer-by. David, hidden in the dark passageway at the rear of the smithy, waited impatiently. A silent figure passed him, unseeing, scratched thrice with the point of a knife on an unseen door, was admitted. The hidden watcher rose and stole on noiseless feet around the corner of the silent shop and felt his way along its wall. No window. Then came the uncertain steps of still another who sought the door of the rendezvous, stumbling along the uneven flagging.

David sank to his knees, and as he did so his fingers encountered an opening in the house wall, level with the flagging. Bending lower, he peered in. A noisome odor assaulted his nostrils. The opening was scarcely two feet square; evidently the aperture through which the blacksmith emptied the dirty water from his forge. But conquering his repugnance, he lay flat and wriggled his shoulders in. A wooden bucket, full of water, stood before the opening, on the inside; this he pushed noiselessly away and peered in just as the attention of those within was drawn to the late comer at the door.

There were four men now within the shop, one unseen by the other three.

He now had his first sight of Girty, the last comer. David, his head level with the stone floor of the shop, solved the puzzle of Girty's noiseless footsteps in the courthouse—not barefooted, indeed, but shod with the silent moccasins of the Indian. Clad in deerskin trimmed with buckskin tassels; the hunting shirt covering the powerful shoulders and deep chest of a giant, Simon Girty was a man of sixty, seemingly, but his quick, bright eyes, jet black, burned with the cold fire of the lidless serpent's that never grows old.

The two Englishmen were silent before the malevolent challenge of his gaze; not daring to be first to speak. Girty stood swaying unsteadily in the light of the forge. A stain of the juice of the tobacco was on his cruel lips.

"And who's this bag of bones?" he asked contemptuously of the British agent.

"This, Captain Girty, is a gentleman who has preceded me from England on the same mission as myself—Mr. Edward Scull."

At the name and at the sight of the third man, who until now had been concealed by Cranmer's portly figure, David's teeth set and he trembled convulsively, like a mastiff that sees his enemy. Scull! The weaver who had turned king's witness, the informer against David's father! A horrid dryness stuck in David's throat and he shook with an ague. When he lifted his head again, he saw that the three men had seated themselves in front of the smoldering forge; for the night had grown chill. Black shadows hung in all the corners of the little room and sat heavily upon the shoulders of the three men huddled about the forge. Only the warm, red glow of the charcoal set up a little sphere of light and warmth. Girty was muttering drunkenly to himself: "Seven at Blue Licks . . . two on the Maumee . . . scalps than a redskin . . . thet long-ha'red gal . . ."

"See here, my fine friend," said Scull sharply, "never mind your scalps. What is it that we are here for, eh?"

Girty roused himself. "Tell him, Cranmer."

The bluff and kindly-faced farmer seemed out of place in that devil's crew. But he began to speak cheerfully.

"Well, Ned, I'm here to make you an offer on the part of the king, God bless him! You have seen my credentials. It was my intention to go direct to the tribes in the country, taking plans of the garrisons with me, but I was to count you with us before I set out on my trip to the North. Our comrade brings word from the great chief of the Shawnees, Tecumseh, that he is desirous of forming a league with his brothers of the South, the Cherokees, the Chickasaws and the Creeks.

"You, Ned, are a man whom England needs. I am empowered to say that if you will enter his majesty's service you will be generously rewarded. What success can you hope for in this pauper nation? But England is a rich and powerful patron. I am a straightforward man, Mr. Scull, and I have no gift of argument, but—"

Scull held up a hand, commanding a pause. He leaned backward and plied the bellows upon the dying fire. The glow leaped up again, and in its momentary glare David caught sight of his face, struck out against the surrounding shadows, like a face which some dead master of the brush had painted—dark, cruel, weak, contemptuous. But his reply was never spoken.

The cold chill of the stones on which he lay had sunk deeper and deeper into David's bones. With the grip of desperation, he strove to hold his teeth together, but in spite of himself suddenly there burst from his lips, with the staggering unexpectedness of a thunderclap, a paroxysm of coughing.

With a single leap, Girty had reached the spot where David lay. David's head had vanished with an even greater speed. But Girty's only thought was to seize the wooden bucket and dash its contents on the fire, plunging the room into instant darkness. David heard the sharp whisper of Scull's command.

"We are watched. Go out at once. Captain Girty, you will be the first. Mr. Cranmer, second, I' you please. I will follow."

The thing which David did then was probably his salvation. It occurred to him that his chance of meeting Scull single-handed was greater if he should return to the pitch-dark shop than if he remained in the street. And this he did.

When he had crawled soundlessly back into the smithy, kicking off his shoes outside, he was just in time to see the door opened and the figure of the first man, Girty, faintly outlined in the aperture. Unseen, unheard, David stole forward. Then the door opened wider to allow the heavy figure of Cranmer to emerge. And then Scull, the third man, went out. With the quickness of death, David glided at his heels.

He had picked up a heavy horseshoe on the floor of the smithy, the first weapon that had come to hand. The tall figure was just before him. His arm rose; and even as the heavy weapon hung in the air, Scull pushed open the door of a cabin that stood next the smithy and vanished.

David heard the door close again and the heavy wooden bar dropped across it on the inside. For a moment he stood dumfounded. Girty and Cranmer had disappeared. David walked on slowly, brooding over plans for the morning, and found himself at the river, talking to itself in the night. He became aware that he still held something in his hand; and looking down, beheld the horseshoe. He tossed it into the stream and went back to the tavern.

For many days after that his ragged, discarded shoes lay unnoticed at the low aperture of Israel's smithy.

David awoke in the morning as fresh as the day. But day brought with it the demand that he take up his new work; and he crossed the square to Colonel Posey's store, scanning the village sharply as he went.

He hurried to the cabin by the blacksmith's shop. An honest-faced woman, with a brood of babies clinging to her skirts, answered his knock.

"Scull?" she replied to his query, "no, nobuddy by thet name livin' here. My man is Israel Butt, thar at th' forge." She was positive that no such person as Scull lived in the village; her husband was equally at a loss to remember the name; and David, confident as he had been, was forced to turn away, baffled by their honest perplexity. The man had disappeared as completely as though he had been swallowed up in the earth.

Stupefied, David made his way to Cranmer's lodgings. He had no idea what he would say to the man, but his steps took him mechanically to the door. And there he received a second shock. Cranmer was gone, his daughter with him!

Whither?

His question brought the reply that they had said they were going to Vincennes. David's friend, John Tipton, the hunter and militiaman, was there—he would send Johnny a letter to warn him and Governor Harrison against Cranmer, Girty and Scull, and telling of their talk of an Indian uprising.

He returned to his store, wrote the letter, sent it on by post. That done, he could do no more, except wait in patience for Cranmer's return.

CHAPTER V.

Young Men and Maidens.

May passed and under the lustrous stars of a June night twinkled the warmer lights of the little village. They shone brightest of all in the little house of Randolph Bulleit, where candles blazed in their silver sconces and lit up a waxen floor. His wife, the grandniece of Lord Cornwallis of England, was holding open house. Above the chatter and laughter a Creole violin lifted the foolish air of the French voyageur, that had floated across the star-glimmering waters of the river of St. Jerome a hundred years before.

Derriere chez-nous il ya un etang,
Ye, ye ment,
Trois canards s' en vont baignans,
Tous du long de la riviere,
Legerement ma bergere,
Legerement, ye ment!

"Helas! zat was de long tam ago!" sighed the wandering fiddler from Vincennes, Michel de Richardville, bending over his bow. Where were now those ancient houses of the Old Post—the Cardinals, the Andres, the Burdaleaux, the Racines, the Laderoux? "Vincennes, and a long time ago!" Now it was Corydon and the present, with all its coursing blood in young veins and its fine forgetfulness of the days gone by. Laughing girls and tall youths went into the flower-decked hall of the Bulleit cabin, or, slipping out again, wandered down two by two in the mystical summer night, beneath the silent stars, to the bank of Indian creek, hurrying by on its long way to the sea. A lonely youth stood in the shadows and watched the white, glimmering shapes of the maidens, each with her backwoods cavalier, go by. A pang of envy shot through him as he heard their light remarks and lighter laughter. He was as young and strong as they, he thought, wistfully. Was life always to withhold some of its gifts from him?

Mr. O'Bannon, strolling deep in reveries of the past, encountered the lonely youth in the starlight and recognized him with an ejaculation of pleasure.

"Ha! David, my old one, what are you doing here alone? When I was your age never a dance did we have that saw me not in the thick of it. Go up and join them, sober-sides."

David muttered a miserable confession, which the old gentleman would have none of.

"No clothes, indeed! Since when were buckskins not as good as broadcloth here in the woods? No invitation! Fiddlesticks! everyone is welcome with us."

And he dragged the reluctant youth toward the lights and music.

The gracious lady of the house received him at the old man's introduction, with kindly smiles for David's shyness; but he was acutely ill at ease, nevertheless, among the group of young matrons who clustered at Mrs. Bulleit's side in their silks and dainty muslins—treasures in the wilderness—and he was glad to escape to the narrow veranda, where a group of older men conversed in quiet tones upon the affairs of the Territory. David stared at their yellow nankeen trousers.

Harrison, the governor, who had come from Vincennes to oversee his spring planting, and had tarried for the evening, was among the group. He turned to a young man:

"Mr. Blackford," he said, "I believe that you have the distinction of being graduated from the same college which President Madison attended. I myself was a student at Hampden-Sidney college; but I remember hearing my father once say that, besides the institution which was the first-born of all American colleges—his own college of William and Mary—there was but one which a Virginian might attend without doing violence to his family traditions; he might, if he had no soul, go to Harvard, or, if he had no stomach, go to a nutmeg institution at New Haven; but as a Virginian and a gentleman he would go to Princeton."

Blackford laughed. He was a young lawyer who had just arrived in the territory, the first of the galaxy of young men bred in the eastern colleges who were to achieve distinction in the new country. His face had attracted David Larrence singularly; there was something in the man's fine, straightforward look that drew him like a brother. And here was an opportunity; he could now gratify through Blackford an ambition he had secretly nourished for some time, to study law in the evenings. He was growing restless with no greater occupation than measuring silk and calicuts over a store counter. And the law would be a step—one step at least—toward Toinette.

"Have you ever met the president, Mr. Blackford?" Harrison went on.

"Once only, Governor Harrison. I shall never forget seeing him at our commencement exercises last September; he was there with his two classmates, Philip Freneau and Judge Bracxenridge of Pittsburgh. They were great cronies while in college, I believe. One saw them wandering under the elms with their arms around one another's shoulders, laughing at some nonsensical ballad about smoking that Mr. Freneau had written."

"Freneau is our greatest poet," said Harrison. "Surely his beautiful lines on 'The Indian Burying Ground,' his exquisite ode to 'The Wild Honeysuckle,' and that matchless dirge for the dead who fell at Eutaw Springs will live forever."

And in his deep and resonant voice, his face shrouded in the shadows of the veranda, he began to recite that splendid elegy. For a while no one spoke. Each was thinking of the shadow of war with England that seemed deepening with the days; of the closer, more terrible shadow of the Indian.

Someone began to speak of President Madison's policy of diplomatic correspondence with England, and his attempts to settle the maritime disputes peaceably.

Spier Spencer, the hot-headed—David's host at the tavern—was about to reply that it was more intolerable

"You, Ned, Are a Man Whom England Needs."

to endure the insults of Britain than to plunge the country into honorable war, when his young wife and a bevy of radiant women made a sudden rush from within and the gentlemen were led captive to the great silver punch-bowl, where officiated a grinning, ducking, beruffled darky.

David was swept into the midst of a group of young people; but the chatter in his ears ceased, as far as he was concerned, when he saw Toinette radiant among the rest. Ike Blackford joined them, and when she had heard what the men had been discussing, the girl demanded why the two had not yet joined Spencer's company of militia.

"So you want us to get shot, do you?" teased Blackford. "I know that we're a worthless pair, but I didn't think we were that bad."

"Stop being funny, Mr. Blackford; I should think you two great, strong men would be eager to enlist and help drive out these terrible Indians for good."

"Well, I'm as ready as the next man to have the Indians leave us in peace," declared David slowly, "but I've never been a soldier and I don't believe that I'd make a very good one."

"Pshaw!" cried Toinette indignantly, "you're just as able to be a soldier as anyone in the territory. You are, you know you are."

"Measure us for our coffins, David," laughed Blackford, "we may just as well give in to her first as last."

David laughed too. But he was silent, thinking more of Toinette's words than of Blackford's. Ike continued his chaffing:

"No, we're neither of us soldiers. David's fast becoming the merchant Croesus of the West, and I'm a lawyer, though I'd hate to have the late lamented Blackstone hear me say that. He'd roll over. I've spent the best years of my young life cooped up in Judge Ford's office in Morristown, wrestling with McNally's "Rules of Evidence" when I should have been shedding a luster over the social life of New Jersey, and I don't feel as if it would be right for me to throw away all this mighty erudition just to give some red-skinned gentleman the pleasure of wearing the scalp of a future chief justice at his belt, or even the pleasure of my acquaintance. I expect to have very few clients among our red brethren, very few. Somehow, they seem to prefer retaining a hatchet, rather than a hatchet-faced attorney. Though, for the matter of that, I don't believe I can blame them. Judge Hurst tells me that in spite of all of Governor Harrison's efforts to put the little unpleasantries of the frontier to decision by the courts, there hasn't been one white man hanged for the murder of an Indian since the territory was begun, and that there never will be.

"But seriously, Miss O'Bannon"—Blackford went on—"there can't be so great a necessity for drilling around with a lot of militiamen just now, can there? They make me think of Falstaff's opinion of his ragged recruits: 'I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat.'"

"Necessity!" cried Toinette. "Oh, you haven't been here long enough to hear the reports of all their cruelties! Haven't you talked with any of these backwoodsmen whose families have been cut down and massacred and tortured? But I don't care—go on and practice your old law! There'll be plenty of other lawyers to shoulder a gun. If they get killed there'll be just that much more chance for you to succeed."

Blackford winced. Toinette was so dangerously near angry tears that he was sorry he had jested as he had.

"Well, well," he replied soothingly. "David and I will try to measure up to your idea of a man if things get any more serious. I'll promise you that David will knock down dozens of savages with his yardstick and I'll tie them hand and foot with red tape."

"You're both simply hateful," declared Toinette; and the subject was dropped.

Don't you think that David and Blackford might render greater service to their country as spies than as plain militiamen. Watch for an unusual turn of events in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

No Useless Formalities.

Traveling with Sir Arthur Markham on one occasion, the conversation with the present writer turned on the limits of self-defense. "I shot a man once," said Sir Arthur. "And what happened?" I inquired; "was there trouble?" "No," came the reply, "there might have been elsewhere, but it was in a wild part of Russia. The man was trying to enter my bedroom window at night, and I shot him. He fell outside. A small patrol of Cossacks was passing within reach of the sound of the revolver. They came along, secured the wounded man, asked a few questions, and disposed of the whole business by hanging my burglar on the nearest tree. I heard no more about the matter." This method of dealing with a very plain business seemed to be thoroughly in accord with Sir Arthur's wish to have things done without any bothering red-tape or formalities.—Westminster Gazette.

Excitement Caused Death.

A fatality of uncommon occurrence took place off Buchie (Scotland) harbor some days ago, and the matter was afterwards ventilated in court through a prosecution instituted against a soldier for attempted suicide. Many people witnessed the affair, among others a lad of tender years named McWilliams. An onlooker finally jumped in and rescued the drowning soldier, although it was stated that the latter resisted. McWilliams, however, became so worked up with excitement as he viewed what was going on in the water that his nervous system gave way. He fell down in a fit and died on the spot. A peculiar feature of the matter is that the soldier was saved and subsequently prosecuted as mentioned.

Production of Pins.

The production of pins of all varieties in the United States in 1914 was valued at $2,713,782. Common or toilet pins formed the principal variety, the production of which was valued at $1,258,757. These pins were made of steel and brass wire, and the quantities were reported to the United States bureau of the census partly in pounds and partly in packs of 3,360 and 2,600 pins each. The production of metal hairpins was 9,242,012 gross, valued at $528,362, and the safety pins, 4,744,303 gross, valued at $936,663. The output of hooks and eyes was reported as 1,076,177 great gross, valued at $1,394,745.

Band Saw's Freak.

When a band saw in a St. Louis plant broke the other day, the accident was marked by peculiar features. As the saw was cutting through a large log it came across a spike that was imbedded in the wood, and as the band was traveling at immense speed when it snapped, one end of it broke off and passed through the log as if shot from a cannon. This part was eight feet in length and half of it projected and as it came out in a curve, it is to be surmised that the other half remains coiled in the log in the same form. The occurrence was no less unusual than remarkable.

Time Wasted.

Many a man wastes his time telling other people not to waste theirs.—Exchange.

Aeroplanes for Explorers.

Aeroplanes are to be included in the equipment of an exploring expedition that is setting out from Buenos Aires to study a little-known region which includes Mar Chiquita, a lake having an area of some 1,000 square miles, located about 350 miles northwest of Buenos Aires. It is the belief of the explorer that with aeroplanes it will be possible to secure panoramic photographs which will prove invaluable in showing the topography and geography of the country.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

And Have Men at Their Mercy.

Mrs. Gabb—I understand that the number of lady barbers is rapidly increasing.

Her Husband—Shouldn't wonder! It's a business in which women can talk while they work.—Boston Evening Transcript.

A penny saved may be a penny earned, but the one carried as a pocket piece doesn't draw interest.

Hinges of true friendship never grow rusty.

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